

# Squirtgun, Long So Long

I'm tired of waiting for your sunburn  
I want more coffee  
Read sonnets to Chris, an old, old woman on the sly

Your fossil-fueled up with camel-lights and ginger snapping  
ponging dishes washing when you  
sign I wanna dry

The gas cans pour out just so long  
The sun, it shines for just so long  
I'm sure you'll love just so long  
and then so long, so long goodbye

I try to make a spaceship happen  
but the math and engineering drag  
me headlong to the floor,

or can I score a word or perhaps half understanding  
I've been digging myself silly, trenches too  
But here's some glue I can't ignore